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Death of Senator Allison.

The country loses the services of a valuable public servant in the death of William Boyd Allison. Forty-three years in Congress, thirty-five of them a Senator of the United States, he was a plodding, conservative, constructive statesman, whose career was full of usefulness to the entire nation.

Lacking in initiative, careful to the verge of timidity, a man who did not shine in debate, more than made up for all these deficiencies by the intimate knowledge he early acquired of governmental affairs. He understood the intricate details of Uncle Sam's vast workshops, how the country's business was conducted and how to conserve it. No other man of his day and time knew all this better than he; few others—you could count them on the fingers of one hand—knew it as well as he.

Continuous service for over four decades in House and Senate equipped him in unusual and surpassing degree, and as chairman of Appropriations the splendid service he gave to his country can never be fully appreciated. The loss occasioned by his death is, therefore, by no means local to Iowa. It is national.

An extreme caution which made of him an ultra-conservative prevented his attainment of high distinction as a political leader, but his State, to its everlasting credit and the whole country's good, appreciated his worth and kept him in the seat which he filled so well.

His passing emphasizes anew the gradual transformation of the United States Senate. But few of the old guard yet remain. That great body is fast passing into the control of new and comparatively untried men. Even now it is less conservative than the popular branch of Congress, and the change is becoming all the more marked as the years go by.

Mr. Tillman is in Africa. But just wait until Mr. Roosevelt gets there! The real fireworks will start then!

Another Heiress Hunt.

If the cables are to be believed, King Peter of Serbia will undertake to find for his two sons wives in America. This means, of course, another heiress hunt, with, perhaps, even more disgusting details and publicity than usually mark those proceedings.

We suspect the quest will not be made in vain. We should like to feel otherwise about it—we would that we even dared hope it might fail; but nowhere in our hearts can we find aught to encourage us in that regard. If these princes are willing to sell their odorous titles for American gold attached to American girls, we know they will be able to make the trade somewhere along the line. The past all goes to prove it.

Nevertheless, the Karagevitch outfit, fit to our way of thinking, the most undesirable line-up of all European royalty. Their house is hardly a hundred years old; its founder was a swineherd by profession and a brigand by nature. His successors have been characterized by a streak of brutality easily accounted for, but hardly mentionable in decent company. Milan was the most disreputable rank in all Europe. His son, Alexander, was a degenerate of the most pronounced type. The present King is a product of murderers, and he holds his throne only by the grace of the regicides who placed him thereon.

The sons of King Peter have been utterly unable to form alliances with any royal house in Europe, though they have tried ever so hard. Nobody wants to be connected with them; every brother monarch gives the Serbian King distinctly to understand that he is to keep his distance. The females of the reigning houses abroad realize that they would have to give up much that is very dear to the heart of royalty were they to link themselves to the house of the swineherd; hence none of them will consider the idea.

Surely it ought to grieve our national pride, and it ought to give our title-mad heiresses pause, to know that old King Peter, disappointed at every turn in Europe, unable to bolster up his fortunes among the kingly courts of the old world, now turns reluctantly, but confidently,

to the United States. Of course, we should feel insulted—immensely. It is all pitched on such a low plane, and it is so open and shut a game. And—well, a good many folks do resent it, and wish it were not so; but that will not prevent King Peter winning out in the end. He holds the joker, and it outweighs our best trump cards, when handled. He will secure his heiresses, unless all signs fail—and they are not apt to, more's the pity!

"We are glad to note that Hobson hasn't declared war lately," says the Macon Telegraph. Capt. Hobson, esteemed contemporary, is in a perpetual state of war.

"Bill"

From press dispatches we clip the following significant item:
Hot Springs, Va., Aug. 3.—"Just call me Mr. Taft, and if you drop into colloquialism call me 'Bill.'" This was Judge Taft's laughing reply when granting an audience to a number of newspaper men, who had severely addressed him as "Mr. Secretary," "Governor," "Judge," and "Mr. Taft."

That, we think, was rather clever in Mr. Taft—or "Bill." We cannot conceive an occasion on which either "Mr. Taft" or "Bill" might not be made to meet every requirement or desired effect; unless, indeed, it be in such rare moments as the somewhat stilted "William Howard Taft" would seem to be indicated.

There is, to our way of thinking, nothing quite so simply satisfying as plain "Mr.," when it comes to the matter of formal address. It carries with it every attribute of deference and respect that one should feel moved to employ. It is sanctioned by time, indorsed by eminent usage, and characterized by abundant common sense. Moreover, its general use brings men to a common level, after a fashion; at least, it lays aside for the moment all distracting distinctions and forestalls comparisons in rank and station between men supposedly seeking to get together on questions of moment and, for the time, pressing political importance.

"Bill," of course, is free and easy. It invites a handshake and a big, broad smile. It encourages affection and good fellowship. Incidentally, and, mayhap, unconsciously, it makes one think of "Teddy," that unduly familiar but never entirely disrespectful appellation hurled at Mr. Roosevelt's head with such persistent frequency. And if Mr. Taft can inspire thoughts of his distinguished sponsor by agreeing to accept "Bill" as a proper salutation, isn't it a bet that it would be foolish to overlook? We think it might fairly be figured that way!

In expressing a preference for "Mr. Taft," or plain "Bill," as the speaker may feel inclined, and as his judgment may direct, we feel that the Republican nominee has promulgated an utterance that may meet a happy response in the hearts of his countrymen. We wonder if it wasn't an Oyster Bay suggestion, anyhow!

"If we attack man with woman's strongest weapons—beauty and charm—there would be no doubt about our getting a vote," says a London woman's magazine. Very true, perhaps; but, unfortunately for the cause of the suffragettes, women armed in that fashion don't want to vote.

The Monument to Poe.

There has been more or less discussion in Richmond, Va., as to the erection of a statue in honor of the memory of Edgar Allan Poe, whose centenary will be celebrated next year. Part of the objections are based on the profanity of Poe, part on his rank ingratitude to his friends and benefactors.

Considered solely from the literary standpoint—and that, we take it, is the only ground from which to view the project of a memorial to a literary man—nothing could be more absurd or flimsy than these objections. Literature is work-work accomplished; work that, if it be good and contain in it enough of that inspiration with which alone literature is created, lasts for all time to carry its message of hope and uplift to countless generations. How puerile, then, to talk about the frailties and weaknesses of a man who must ever, through all time, be counted as one of the great forces in the making of American literature.

The cry we hear now as to Poe's ingratitude to his friends is in part an echo of the snarls of that Machiavelli of biographers, Griswold; and in part an echo of the narrow cry of the New England critics of Poe's own day, whose stern Puritanism could not dissociate morality from literature. No one would think of erecting a statue to Poe as a moral teacher; no one proposes to. How true it is that—
"The evil that men do lives after them,"
And how sad! Poor Poe! The man had his whims, his fancies, his eccentricities, his failings, his gloom, and his weakness against temptation, and one who can read the pitiful story of his life without the deepest sympathy must be Phrasical indeed. But Poe the author was one of America's forces. He made three names for himself, as critic, as poet, as artist of the short-story, which, under his genius, reached the highest state of its perfection. He was the first American man of letters to write criticism worthy the name. Poetry was to him a passion, not a purpose; he was gifted with a wonderful appreciation of rhythm and music, and the melody of his verse has struck the harmonious note for many of our younger poets. As a romanticist, he was without a peer; and a recent critic summing up his work in prose declared that at least one-third of it deserved to live. Of what other prose writer dare so much be said?

The influence that Poe had on the literature of America can never be definitely set down; the subtlety of it avoids analysis, but it is an influence that still lives and moves and has its being; and though Poe is long dead, the best evidence that "his soul goes marching on" is to be found in the fact that in the years from 1850 to 1885 there were ten translations of his works into foreign languages. That is the call for the great genius that the soul of Poe expressed.

In the face of this, who is there dare descend from the contemplation of the

sublimity of the man's work to the petty consideration of the man's weak humanity. Ingratitude to his benefactors, forsooth! Who is there, if Edgar Allan Poe were living to-day, would not feel honored in his soul at a chance to do a benefaction for the poet? Who would desire any gratitude other than the thought that it had been his glorious privilege to help, in some small degree, to the care of a human instrument that could evoke such melodies?

For his sins he has been judged—poor, weak, pathetic Poe! We cannot palliate his weaknesses; it is not for us to judge him. It is alone for us to honor what he did; to thank God for the legacy he left us from out his sufferings and his anguish.

Let us remember that he spoke of "those unusual strings."

"And they are the story choir
And the other listening things
That I have heard
By which he sits and sings,
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings."

The strings of his life were unusual. Touched by divine fingers, they gave forth the sweetest and most glorious harmony this continent had known; harmonies that reverberate down the years and which should so attune our hearts to the music of charity and clean thoughts as to leave no time nor desire for the littleness of casting rue upon the poet's grave.

A contemporary wants to know "why John Sharp Williams wasn't the real 'speaker' of the last House of Representatives?" John Wesley Gaines is why.

Why is it that you never believe the telephone girl is telling the truth when she says the line is "busy now?"

Chicago has declared war against "insanitary tin receptacles." This will hardly interest the "dry" States, however, where rushing the growler is an all but forgotten art, anyhow.

"A St. Louis firm has started another limerick contest. Get the book," says the Los Angeles Times. No, indeed; get the ax!

A North Carolina physician prescribed sufficient champagne for a patient's banquet recently. The prohibitionists need not become unnecessarily alarmed over this, however. It isn't at all likely that such practices will be extensively followed in other "dry" States.

It is said the stiff price of diamonds is maintained entirely through the manipulations of a few men. The great market for jewelry could prove an alibi, anyhow, if accused of being concerned in the game.

A Texas saloon is known as the Dew Drop Inn. That sounds cordial, at all events.

If Mr. Chafin is elected President, lemonade will doubtless succeed the Roosevelt punch at the White House.

An American "Uncle Tom's Cabin" aggregation is touring Japan. Doubtless the members of this company will also return with highly exaggerated ideas of Japan's warlike attitude toward this country.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew is a vegetarian. This, of course, is apt to bring forth the pertinent query, Is a chestnut a vegetable?

The Richmond Times-Dispatch says the little pop-eyed blonde of that town always hire a man to mow the lawn after they are married. Most folks will not be fooled by such leap-year-guy, however.

Mr. Joseph Mule and Miss Angelina Gorrilla were married in Philadelphia recently. Still, their team work may be all right—you can't tell, you know.

"Mr. James Hazen Hyde angered Peck," says the New York American. That's strange; we thought "Jimmie's" harmlessness was universally recognized.

Mr. John W. Gates is said to be laying out a million-dollar golf course. For once in their lives our millionaires seem to have money to burn on something else beside the campaign during a Presidential year.

Mr. Taft's letter of acceptance gives no promise of abbreviated Congressional messages, if he ever finds himself on the big job.

It seems to be a case of young Turks against old Turks in the Ottoman Empire. The young Turks should be sure to pull the thing off before Thanksgiving Day, or there will probably not be a corporal's guard left to tell the tale next day.

"Many a young woman goes into the surf because there are big fish in the sea," says the Montgomery Advertiser. And many a young woman doesn't go into the surf because there is a big crowd on the beach.

Mr. John Temple Graves and Mr. Thomas E. Watson are making faces at each other. Can it be possible that these two old cronies have agreed to disagree?

Georgia is to have a game warden. He will take cognizance of such legislative games as the one pulled at midnight at the Kimball House in Atlanta recently.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT?
Out from the dark tarn driving mist,
Artistic and white,
Passes, as if on a shackled fist,
Into the night.

Up from the wild mere startled wings
Chillingly sweep;
Circling like restless, timid things
Over the deep.

Reader, we have here of magazine rhyme
A sample chunk of poetry sublime.
Some people call this poetry sublime.
I call it punk.

The Campaign Rescue.

"The water was over her head, but Taft saved her."
"How?"
"By coming out of the lake. It immediately sank fourteen inches."

Suitable Attire.

"I think," said Sue Brett, "I'll take a dip into vaudeville."
"Take a dip, eh?" commented York Hamm.
"So that's why you've ordered a bathing-suit rig."

Modern Life.

"Got much family?"
"Not much. Just a pup and a rubber plant."

The Tickets.

The good old names hang on,
Nor does their luster dim.
One ticket is Bill and John;
The other, Bill and Jim.

Regards.

"It will be an expensive wedding, I understand."

"I think that young man is a candidate for my daughter's heart."

"Yes," asserted the indulgent father, "and I believe he'll win. I look for a notification committee any day now."

The Greedy Bard.

"When he was poor he was a good poet, but prosperity ruined him."

"How was that?"

"As soon as he began getting a dollar a word, he wouldn't stick to the meter. Insisted on jamming in extra words."

BRYAN'S CHANCES.

A Summary of the Democratic Situation Through the Country.

From Current Literature.

What are Bryan's chances for election? That he is much stronger with the Democratic rank and file than he was four years ago was evident at Denver. Has his strength increased outside the Democratic party? Henry Watterson thinks it has.

He is not much of a Bryan man, but he thinks that the latter is "stronger than ever," and has a much better chance to win. Since the election eight years ago, when Bryan was defeated overwhelmingly in the electoral college, there has been a new Congressional apportionment which carries with it a change in the electoral college. In the new apportionment, the Democrats have gained ten votes and the Republicans have lost twenty-six, seven of which are in the Democratic States of Oklahoma. It requires 269 votes in the electoral college to elect a President. The Democrats now have 135 votes, the Republicans 134.

Elmer Dover, secretary of the Republican National Committee, thinks the Middle States are to be the real battleground in this campaign. If Bryan can capture Ohio and Indiana and also the States of Western States which gave him a majority in 1896, namely, Idaho, Montana, South Dakota, Wyoming, Utah, and Washington, he can win, provided he holds the solid South, which he did not hold in 1896.

"Look at it how you will," says the New York Evening Post, "New York is practically indispensable to the success of any Democrat this year." It thinks, however, that even if the Democratic opponent may as well frankly admit that he has a chance.

AGAINST THE INSECTS.

The Vigorous Campaign of Army Medical Men.

From the Army Medical Journal.

Our army medical men who are grappling with the insect theory of disease-breeding will find food for investigation in the anti-gnat campaign begun in certain parts of the West Indies. It was noted that Barbados, alone of the Antilles, is free from malaria, and that there are no gnats in Barbados. The absence of gnats was ascribed to the presence in the waters of Barbados of a certain "mollusc," which eat the gnats' larvae. Adopting this view, the Jamaicans and others have imported these fish, gnats have vanished, and the local scientists are waiting for the disappearance of malaria. Fish before have been used with great success in the destruction of insects. In Africa they are used to lessen the ravages of swarms of locusts, and recently an attempt was made to exterminate the pest-mosquito larvae in the waters of New Jersey, following successful use of them in ridding the Roman Campagna of its insects.

Annihilistic.

From the Putnam Patriot.

A few years ago the gilded youths of the world, for lack of some other new excitement, undertook to re-establish knight errantry and have tournament contests in the form of a relay race, but failed for lack of inspiration. Last year an attempt to revive the Olympic games was started, which gave promise of better success. This year, with other nationalities, an American delegation participated. Although there was some unpleasant friction between the English and our athletes, in the end the Americans won a sweeping triumph. But some of the races were horribly exhausting, and caused disgust among sensitive people. It is to be hoped that Mr. Sherman will find time on his stumping tour to further explain his connection with that mileage trail jammed through Congress by his Republican colleagues under his sagacious guidance. Inasmuch as there was no interim between the regular and special sessions of Congress, it will be interesting if he will explain why the Treasury should have been looted for a journey home that was never made."

LULLABY.

What though thy stricken mother weep—
Sleep, O my baby, sleeping!
The stars are shining on thy face,
Upon the bosom of the sea;
The moon is shining on thy face,
Upon the bosom of the sea;
The angels and the mother keep
Their vigils o'er thy sleep.

And, though thy little eyelids close,
The waterfowl will not repose,
For mother's milk it seems to say,
"I faint would watch the baby face
That drifts upon the ship away,
While angels guard that holy place
And sing the lullaby to thee
Upon the bosom of the deep."

What though thy stricken mother weep—
Sleep, O my baby, sleeping!
The stars are shining on thy face,
Upon the bosom of the sea;
The moon is shining on thy face,
Upon the bosom of the sea;
The angels and the mother keep
Their vigils o'er thy sleep!

So hush, my babe, and close thine eyes,
As, floating on the tranquil sea,
The angels come with lullabies,
And sing thee o'er and o'er to thee.
So hush—oh, hush!

—Eugene Fields.

POLITICAL COMMENT.

The Ohio State Journal maintains that the Republican party is the party of progressive politics and that all others that claim progress are mere imitators. It believes that Judge Taft stands for progress, and says:

"It is progressive politics, and the Republican party has started it, and all other parties that claim to seek the same purpose are simply imitators. The spirit back of the controls that started the movement in 1896 controls to-day. It is the life principle of Republicanism—to establish human rights, and that is what it is trying to do to-day, as surely as it did in 1896."

"This tide of political opinion is not the flurry of a day. It moves steadily through the ages, and in this country the Republican party has been its exponent and has applied it to the changing forms of human duty. It is this fact alone that dignifies a party. The temporary theories and policies don't do it. They are discursive as methods. The imperiousness of the conscience alone poses that control a party in its efforts to compel men to be truer and squarer with one another. That is the progressive Republicanism that is shining out through lines of Judge Taft's acceptance speech."

The Nashville American thinks that Mr. Taft may follow out his avowed purpose of making a big for the vote of Tennessee, but it is sure that the purpose will fail of success as there is nothing in his policies that makes him in any way so desirable a candidate as Bryan. It says:

"It is said that Taft will make a special effort to carry Tennessee. Doubtless he will. But neither he nor any of his friends can give any reason why Tennessee should vote for him. He is a clean man, but that is no reason why Democrats should vote for him. The Democratic nominee is also regarded as a clean, able man. Certainly Taft has no superior qualities on the score as to individual character. What are there in the Taft policies that make him more desirable than Bryan? Bryan's policy is his own. Taft seems to depend largely on Republicanism for his policies. Taft shows no more real conservatism than Bryan as a radical. Nobody questions Bryan's honesty, integrity, or exalted purpose. There is no excuse for a Democrat voting for Taft. Even though Bryan may not be the ideal candidate, in the opinion of some Democrats he is more so than he ever was before and he certainly is as much an ideal Democrat as Taft."

The New York Tribune says that the Republican party in New York State will have to make its gubernatorial fight on an endorsement of the work done by Gov. Hughes, and it says:

"The party, moreover, will have to enter the campaign upon the record of Mr. Hughes' administration. It will have to endorse it; any other course is unthinkable. It will have to point with pride to his public record. When it is considered that the record of the party is and how it feels it cannot deprecate, regret, or even ignore the passage of the anti-gambling bills, but must stand for them, too. Its strength with the people, whatever it may be, is the success of the Hughes administration. It cannot repudiate Mr. Hughes and run upon his strength and popularity as an administrator. It cannot divorce itself from Mr. Hughes' record if it would."

The Chicago Tribune points out that the battle ground for the coming campaign will be mainly in the West and that the people there already welcome the shock of battle. It says:

"It is argued that if Mr. Bryan can carry Illinois the same tide, the same influences, the same prevailing state of mind will carry into the Democratic column Wisconsin, Ohio, Nebraska, probably Iowa, surely Indiana and Colorado, and doubtless other States to the west. Comment is made also upon the significance of Mr. Bryan's remark in connection with the choice of the Democratic national chairman that it was indicative of the party's purpose to make the fight for New York. 'Why not?' Of course. What other Democratic candidate in a generation would have thought it necessary to announce such a purpose, as if by any conceivable chance he would otherwise have any prospects whatever of success?"

"Things are changing, surely enough, in American politics. The people of the East are recognizing the fact. The people of the West have been conscious of their strength with the country during recent campaigns. They welcome the coming shock of battle. The Republicans of the West appreciate the position they must take during the next three months. They will not fail to take the lead in a decision. Their co-workers in the East will not have cause to regret the shifting of the storm center."

The Springfield Republican believes that the New York "bosses" will fall in their effort to turn President Roosevelt and Mr. Taft against the re-election of Gov. Hughes. It declares:

"There are indications that the New York State Republican bosses are falling in their efforts to turn President Roosevelt and Mr. Taft against the re-election of Gov. Hughes. This is not because they have any fondness for the governor; it is because they recognize his strength with the country. They are on the State and would utilize it on behalf of the party in the Presidential election. They cannot afford to do otherwise. No chances are to be taken of losing New York in the Presidential election, and thus Gov. Hughes' renomination becomes assured."

The Pittsburg Post takes occasion to call on Representative James S. Sherman for an explanation of certain matters. It says:

"Young Hitchcock is authority for the statement that he intends to have Representative James S. Sherman, Republican candidate for Vice President, make a long stumping tour as soon as the speaking campaign begins. It is to be hoped that Mr. Sherman will find time on his stumping tour to further explain his connection with that mileage trail jammed through Congress by his Republican colleagues under his sagacious guidance. Inasmuch as there was no interim between the regular and special sessions of Congress, it will be interesting if he will explain why the Treasury should have been looted for a journey home that was never made."

The New York Times thinks there are many things in the Denver platform that are un-Democratic, but that Mr. Bryan's support of them involves no inconsistency. It says:

"Centralization is the very essence of these principles laid down at Denver. Laws enacted in pursuance of such resolves would increase the Federal power far beyond the desire of the people. Jefferson's contemporaries who opposed his policies. Anybody can see that such laws would diminish and largely efface the powers of the States over the corporations they have themselves created. It reasons that these planks of the Denver platform are vitally un-Democratic. For Mr. Bryan to plant himself upon them, however, involves no inconsistency. He has never been a Democrat, and it is not necessary that he should now adopt or swear allegiance to the principles of that party."

THE DEMOCRATIC CHAIRMAN.

Can Produce Bricks or Gold Without a Straw.

From the New York Sun.

When a man has been arrested for criminal libel he is not supposed to be partial to the man who obtained the warrant. That explains why the Hon. Norman E. Mack had to solicit the approval of the Hon. William James Connors before Mr. Bryan could make the announcement that Mr. Mack was to be chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

According to Mr. Bryan, one of the strongest arguments for Mr. Mack's selection to manage the campaign was that "he is a successful business man." The true reason goes much deeper. No confidence is violated when we impart information that the honor fell to Mr. Mack because he contends that the Democratic party will have more success when it has no money but postage stamps to spend. Mr. Bryan's hatred of a campaign fund is too well known to call for emphasis. In an interview on April 19, 1906, Mr. Mack elaborated a theory that endeared him to Mr. Bryan forever:

"The Democrats of the country might as well understand clearly that they can't win by the use of money. I intend to speak frankly. Take my county, Erie, for instance. In 1900 we had a fund of \$4,700 in that county. We lost it by about 4,800 votes. Last year we had a fund of more than \$5,000. We lost the county by more than 15,000 votes. Now, in 1908, it is a well-known fact that there was not a county in the union in which we had money enough to buy the necessary postage stamps, and yet we came within 81,84 votes of electing a President. Last year (1904) we had plenty of money. I don't believe that the public should be misled, and I will speak plainly. Last year we had all the money we could get in this or any other State. Yet we lost the election by 2,542,062, a defeat in spite of our abundance of money more than four times as great as in 1906, when we were so hard up for funds."

Mr. Bryan has had his eye on Norman E. Mack ever since. He can produce bricks, gold bricks, if necessary, without fear. He can produce money to give \$100 apiece will feel relieved, however, as 600 contributors can put up their check books. Treasurer Saskell will have nothing to do but supply postage stamps. A campaign fund would stifle the genius of the new chairman.

HEARST IS TRUE

In Some of His Characterizations of Bryan.

From the New York Evening Post.

In opening the first national convention of the Independence Party at Chicago, W. R. Hearst characterized Mr. Bryan as a "knight arrayed in a motley of modified professions and compromised principles, of altered opinions and retracted statements," and the Republican organization as "the open and avowed handmaiden of the trusts." These phrases contain only too much truth, however, as the Independence Party, however, as his leadership. Many thoughtful voters are disgusted with both of the old organizations—with the control of the Republican machine by the protected interests, and the control of the Democratic machine by Mr. Bryan and his Palstaff army.

These dissatisfied voters would welcome a third party with the weight and character of the Gold Democrats of 1896, but they cannot stomach Hearst. The conviction that the Independence Party is the tail to Mr. Hearst's kite is so widespread and well founded that his candidates and his platform, quite profound distrust among serious men. It is possible that the Independence Party may poll a considerable vote among the wage-earners in those States in which Mr. Hearst publishes newspapers, notably New York and Illinois; and the influence of his Chicago paper may be felt in doubtful Indiana. If New York and Indiana are close, the defeated, and the Independents—chiefly, of course, from the Democratic ranks—may actually determine the result.

DIABOLUS VISIT US.

Project that Would Better Relations with Mexico.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

The statement is made that President Diaz may visit the Home Manufacturers' Exposition, which is to be held at New Orleans in September. If he does not come, it is asserted that in any event several hundred representative Mexican business men will attend in a body to inspect the industrial